

TO MISS SALLIE GORDON

THE NEW  
IS ON THE BLOSSOM

A BEAUTIFUL SERENADE

BY

**E. THOMAS**

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# THE DEW IS ON THE BLOSSOM

WORDS BY AMELIA.

MUSIC BY E. THOMAS.

*Andante.*

*dolce.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked *Andante* and *dolce*. The introduction consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has a treble staff with a melody of eighth and quarter notes and a bass staff with a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The vocal melody enters in the third system with the lyrics: "The dew is on the blossom, And the young moon on the sea; . . . It is the twi-light hour, The hour for you and me: The". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the bass and a more active melody in the treble.

The dew is on the blossom, And the young moon on the sea; . . . It  
is the twi-light hour, The hour for you and me: The

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time when mem-ry wanders A-cross life's drea-ry track, When the

*ritard.*

*a tempo.*

past floats up be-fore us, And the lost comes steal-ing back, When the

*a tempo.*

past floats up be-fore us, And the lost comes steal-ing back.

The Dew is on the Blossom.

And while a-long the still shore, My lone-ly foot-steps rove, ... With the

deep blue far be-neath me, And the pale blue up a-bove: And

with their trembling footsteps, The faint stars tread the sea: I

*a tempo.*  
think up-on you dearest! Do you ev-er think of me? I

think up-on you dearest! Do you ever think of me?

3.

Oh! dearest in this sweet hour,  
 When the stars and waves have met;  
 And the full heart most remembers,  
 All it wishes to forget:  
 When the deep hush of the twilight,  
 Seems such a holy time;  
 That to smile were almost sinful,  
 And to whisper were a crime. :

4.

'Tis sweet along these dim paths,  
 With lonely steps to glide:  
 For the moon is in the far blue,  
 And the breeze is at my side;  
 But yet my heart is heavy  
 And my voice hath lost its glee,  
 I am sighing for you dearest!  
 Do you ever sigh for me? :

*Andante.*

5<sup>TH</sup> VER. Then dear-est! in your ab-sence, Where e'er your wand'rings tend; You must  
 keep within your pure heart, A sweet thought for your friend Oh! the sum-mer months with-  
 out you Such a lone-ly time will be: — I am sigh-ing for you dearest! Do you  
 ever sigh for me? I am sighing for you dearest! Do you ever sigh for me?



